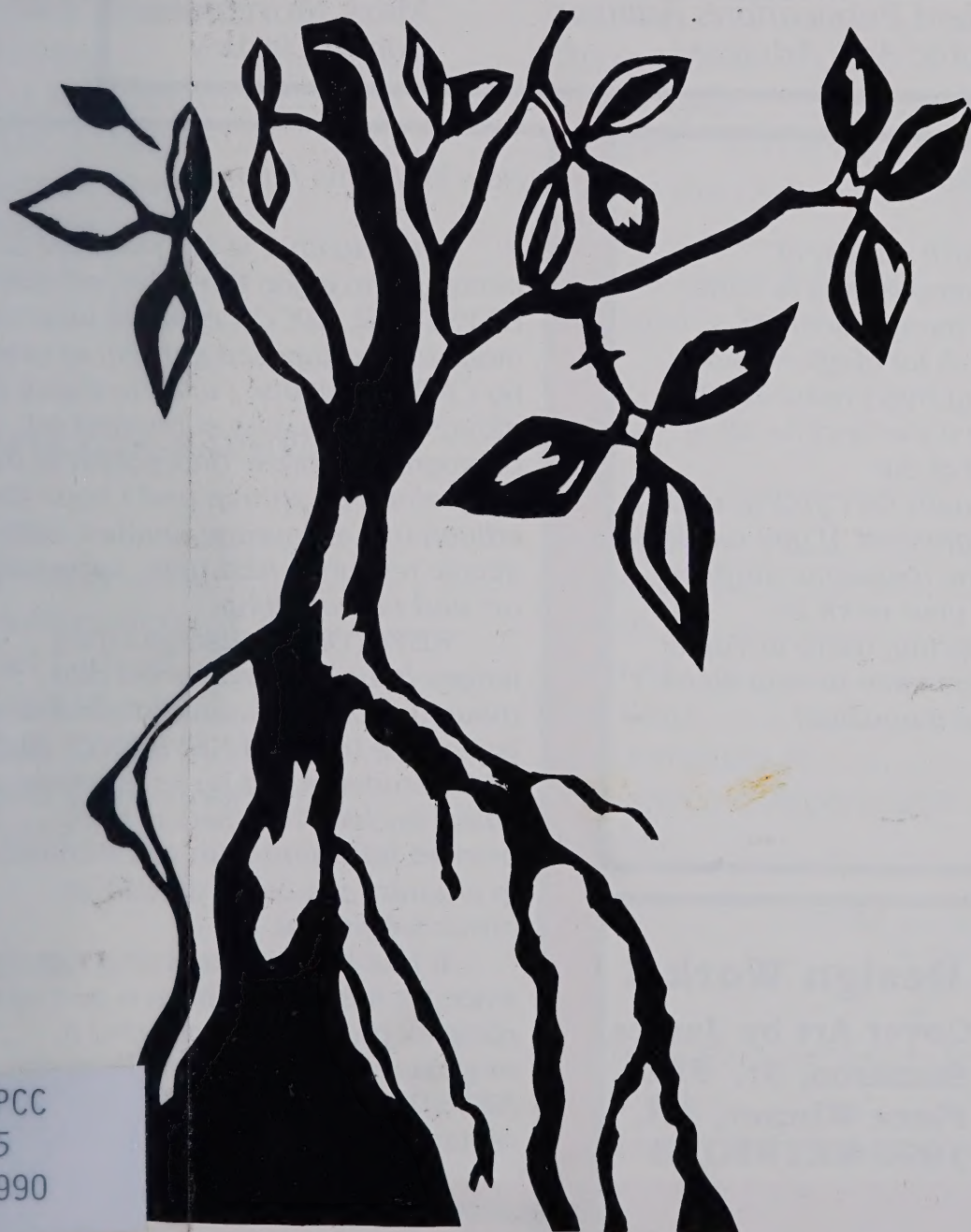


# KEYSTONE

1990



CPCC  
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## *Note From The Editor . . .*

Welcome to the fourth edition of KEYSTONE! It is composed of art and literature from the many talented students at CPCC. A lot of effort and hard work were put into producing this magazine to make it the best for all of you. We are proud of our accomplishments with KEYSTONE and how far it has progressed. If you would like to be part of the magazine staff, or to submit some of your work to KEYSTONE next spring, we're in Taylor 205. We are always open to new ideas. I hope you enjoy the magazine!

Tina Sedor  
Editor-in-Chief

## *Note From The Advisor . . .*

Once again it is my pleasure to invite you to enjoy the latest edition of KEYSTONE, CPCC's creative arts magazine, composed entirely of works by CPCC students. I wish to thank the many students who submitted art, photography, prose and poetry to the magazine this spring, and I hope this edition will encourage another enthusiastic response next year, especially in art and photography.

KEYSTONE'S distinguished judges have selected varied and thought-provoking material for this issue. The talented KEYSTONE staff of CPCC students, led by its excellent editor-in-chief Tina Sedor, have worked hard and with much creativity to organize the contents into an attractive format.

It has been a rewarding experience for me to have been a part of the complex process of producing a magazine, and very exciting to see KEYSTONE evolve from a concept into a reality.

Mary Murchison  
Student Publications Advisor



**Design Work 1**  
**Cover Art by James**  
**Samarco, Jr. First**  
**Place Winner, Art,**  
**1990 KEYSTONE**



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## **SCRUBROOM**

*Filthy floors of  
smooth marble smelling  
of mildew  
Rusty steel  
pipes clattering  
connect to  
plain white porcelain  
sinks spurting  
wretched water  
mounted about bleach-tinted  
tiled walls seeking  
such ceiling as  
plaster keeps peeling.*

**Barbara N. Thomas**





**Untitled**

*Lori Polite*

## **On Taking a Stand**

*Do I hold firm*

*Do I resist*

*Or sway*

*With the ever swirling wind*

*Changing throughout time*

*Never knowing who I am*

*or Why.*

**Steven A. Klintworth**





## THE PARK ECHOES SYNTH-POP

Stubby sniffed the cold park air and whined. He smelled trouble. Trouble is a strong, rancid odor, reminiscent of rotten onions and foreign cheese. The onions and cheese aged about eight weeks as the smell of trouble turned into the stench of fear. Stubby followed the scent to the jogging path, where a young female was being stalked by a sexual deviant. The fear was not coming from the jogger though; she had no idea what was going on. The fear came from the pervert in the bushes at the side of the path. Just below the scent of the fear were the pungent odors of lust and insanity which smelled like sardines and possum vomit, respectively. As the lithe, young fitness nut sauntered by, four hungry eyes watched her. Stubby thought half-jokingly that the young jogger might not make it to old jogger status if she kept jogging in the park after dark like this. Since he was half blind, his sense of smell was keener



than most, and it didn't take long to locate the blob of fuzz that was emitting all of those lousy smelling pheromones.

He wasn't surprised to see that it was only Weird Wally up to his usual shit. They were both regulars at the park, and regulars, if they didn't know each other, at least knew of each other. By day, Wally was a mild-mannered child psychologist, who secretly harbored an extreme and unreasonable fear of women. The jogger he stalked was by day a paralegal who worked fourteen to sixteen hours a day in a thankless septic tank of an office for barely enough cabbage to outfit a scant, west-side studio apartment. He was trying to decide on a plan of action. His alternatives were either rape and murder her, scream and run away, wet his pants, or simply go home and masturbate. He decided to go for the last option, no intense emotions, nobody gets hurt, and the jogger can go on believing against all available logic that it is safe to jog in the park at night.

The only emotions Stubby smelled coming from the jogger were those of pride and self-worth, which came from the illusion that the tracheal workout her lungs were getting from the stale, smog-drenched city air was really good for her. She didn't even know the maniac was watching her; if she had, she'd have been sprinting. Actually, Wally could have come up behind her with a chainsaw and she wouldn't have noticed, due to a small device made by the Sony Corporation that had Madonna shrieking in her ear at ninety decibels. Stubby wondered how someone with so few brains could manage to get a job in the city, but then figured the way she affected men when she wore jogging shorts might have something to do with it.

Stubby had a choice to make. Go with the jogger and hope the city hadn't gotten to her kindness-and-charity-toward-stray-pups instinct, or go visit Wally's kitchen again. Even though Wally usually had lots of fresh meat, especially organs, Stubby never felt right about eating there. He did not know why. He was self-conscious about approaching the jogger. His self concept was not what it could be; he thought What am I? A dog without a tail, a day without sunshine. The face of Mary Lou Rhetton without that cheesy grin. I can't even wag this damn thing. His train of thought was shattered by a growl coming from his midriff. He gazed once more at the fuzzy Wally, then back at the jogger trotting by.

He trotted off after her, praying that she wasn't a vegetarian. He hobbled around in front of her with a practiced limp, and began to whine. She glided past him, eyes shut tight, clenched shut with pain. Stubby scurried off the path, ran up ahead of her, and picked up the limp again just as his foot hit the concrete. The jogger was in the depths of a serious runner's high, a condition caused by the emission of opiate-like chemicals in the brain as a message to the conscious brain saying "Cut this shit out, or else!!" She opened her eyes for only a moment, to keep from running off the track, and saw Stubby just in time to trip over him and fall headlong into the bushes. She totally missed the rehearsed and convincing performance that had been staged for her sole benefit. If the city newspaper had performance awards for such things, Stubby



would have quite a collection by now. Some people just don't appreciate a fine artist. Wally, who was still hanging around, having decided to simply masturbate in the park instead of going home, appreciated the dog's performance and clapped softly.

Wally felt his mind slipping away. Sensical thoughts scrambled for places to hide as the subconscious ghoulies yawned and stretched their claws, reaching for coffee. Suddenly the jogger was very evil. She needed to die. In the camera eye of Wally's mind she was choking to death on her own severed tongue. She was falling from the top of a very tall building, one limb at a time. She was eating her own excrement by big spoonfuls, with a gun at her throat. She died a thousand times, each more graphic and degrading than the one before it. Wally did not move. Stump did.

He trotted over to the collapsed jogger and began licking her face. She was still reeling in the narcotic depths of her runner's high, and slept quietly with a large and goofy grin plastered across her face. Stump continued licking until she stirred. Half awake, she murmured.

"Stephen, no... no baby, not now. But my father..." her murmurs were followed by giggles and squeals of excitement, and still asleep, she continued, "But Stephen! welllll... O.K...what!! shit! Damned Mutt!!!! Get the hell away, oh shit, dammit, ick, gross, Putui!!!! Putui!!!!" Cussing and spitting like a drunken mechanic she fended off the starving mutt with two-hundred dollar fingernails.

Stump backed off a few steps and let her gather her marbles. By the time she had them all together he was deep in the throes of his abandoned and starving puppy dog skit. He saw her gaze soften just a teeny tiny bit, and threw in the clincher, a Benji number five whimper, surefire with bleached-blond baby-boomers. She broke down immediately and threw her arms open and with an extremely high-pitched and sugar coated voice said, "Cooome here puppy wuppy. I'm so sorry, did I hurt ums? Puppy wupppy O.K. ?" to which Stubby replied with a "Yip yap" as he ran into her arms.

When the dizzy legal sec finished apologizing, she took a deep breath. A split second later she threw Stump to the ground exclaiming, "Jesus you smell awful, puppy!!" Stubby landed on the foot he had pretended was injured, and crumpled into a heap on the path. He pushed a thin stream of air up across the roof of his mouth which produced a most pitiful whimper. The legal sec got up and dusted off her spandex designer jumpsuit. She looked around for her walkman, and began rooting through the bushes. She reached down by the base of a large stickerbush and felt the headphones which she pulled out and set on her ears. She followed the cord down to the tape player, and pushed the play button just in time to drown out the squeal of pain coming from within the bush. Wally had tried to grab her when she reached into the bush, but missed and fell in. She started to trot off when Stubby grabbed her by the pom-pom on her ankle sock and sent her crashing to the ground. She jumped up right away and walked over to Stubby who was whining with his stub tail trying its best to crawl down between his legs. She reached back to swat him, but then caught a full blast from his puppy-dog eyes. She fell to her knees and began petting him



again, this time holding her nose. She cooed and purred at him lovingly, shutting off the brain-dead squeals of Madonna for just a moment.

Deciding to wrap her exercise session she turned on her heel and snapped her fingers, beckoning the furry vagrant. They walked in near silence all the way to her roachtrap of an apartment, and began climbing stairs. They climbed for what seemed to Stubby a very long time. He wondered why she thought she had to jog if she had so many stairs so close to home. Not to mention the safety difference between the park and her staircase this time of night. On the way up, she began to yap, and did not stop until the key was in the door.

"Puppy Wuppy," she began, "my little Pekingese is just going to love you. I hope you're a boy, cuz she's a girl and that would be so peachy. We wouldn't have to worry about you two having mongrel babies though, cuz she's fixed..." You mean she's broken, don't you Fun Time Barbie? Stubby thought to himself. Actually he thought it right at her, but knew she was way too dizzy to pick up telepathic messages from the mind of an animal.

"You know I can't wait till you meet her! Her name is Buttercup! What's yours? I think I'll call you Jean Claude, do you like it?"

Do catfish eat used lawn furniture?

"We'll have soooooooooo much fun together, the three of us. The first thing I'm gonna do with you is give you a big bath with my strawberry smelling shampoo, and then I've got a fresh can of Alpo that you and Buttercup can share."

Stubby's mind kind of flipped. What? Bath? Dog Food? This uptown fwip wants to set me up with a spayed Pekingese? That's gotta be the worst kind of bitch in the known universe, a spayed smush-faced high-strung spoiled brat of a dog with which to share a can of DOG FOOD?!?!??? This cheese-ball madonna ain't gonna call me Jean Claude either. I am gone. With this thought Stubby ran off down the stairs, and out the door. The legal sec chased him for a moment but then tripped and fell down a flight and a half, and lay on the landing all night. When she woke up, her walkman was gone. Stubby ran into Weird Wally just as he left the building, and settled for some kind of fresh kidney and half a Budweiser out of a bowl.



**Doug Williams**  
**First Place Winner, Short Stories, 1990 KEYSTONE**



## **Punjab**

*Days were spent making up  
little scenarios- -cooking  
breakfast together, walking  
through strange streets  
that are familiar to you,  
picking out baby clothes, feeling  
together that first kick- -  
all sprinkled with smiles.*

*Women do silly things like that.  
They do it first  
as a source of joy, then  
as a form of torture.*

*Days now are spent remembering  
when the dream seemed like reality,  
trying to find an answer  
by trying to find a label  
for what we are or were or never were.*

*I tore the honeysuckle from my window  
sill because it reminded me of you- -*

**Lisa Kerley**



## PAY DAY

*Come on pay day  
it's been four long weeks,  
with bills to pay  
and nothin' to eat.*

*The closer you come  
to pay me my dues,  
the more I'm aware  
of those once-a-month blues.*

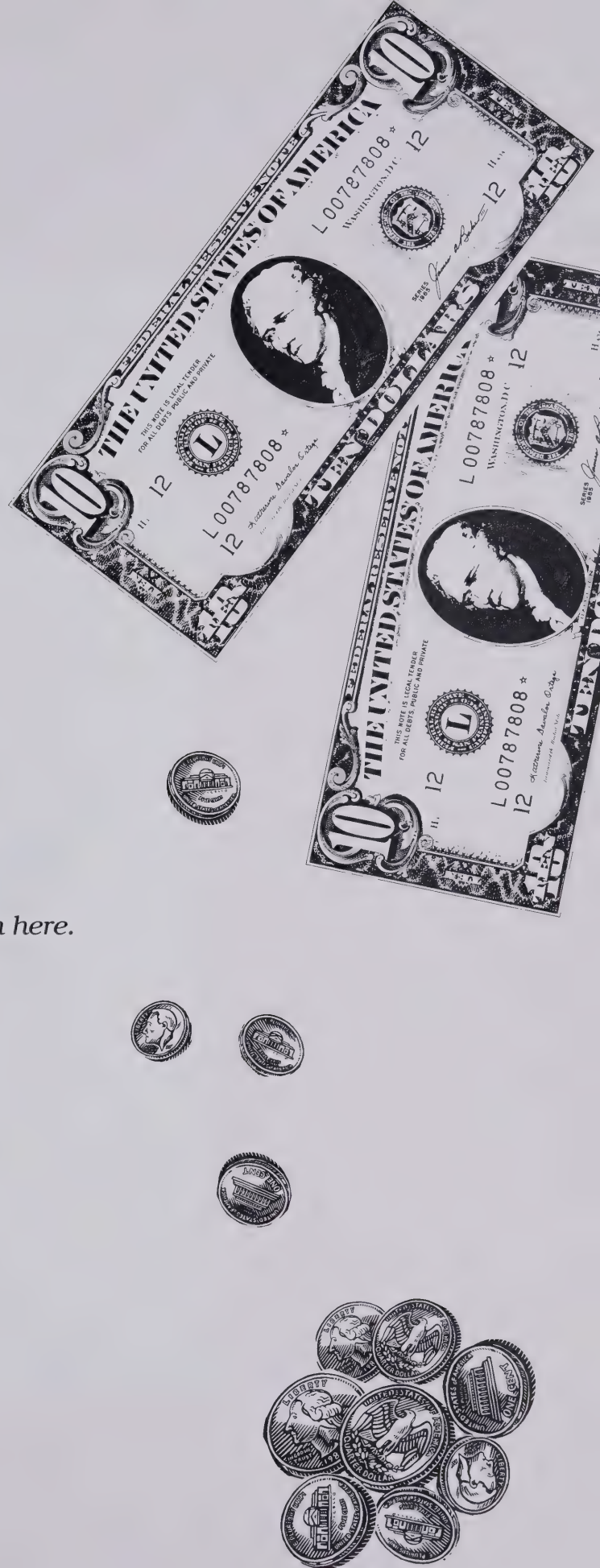
*That last week's the worst  
I'm sure you'll agree,  
when you know it's the ol' bike  
if the gas tank hits E.*

*Ah, but when that big day arrives,  
you know it's cokes and burgers and fries.  
And you're eating with a smile  
from ear to ear,  
'cause you know it's a full tank of gas from here.  
And you get new stamps  
while you're waiting there,  
'cause Johnny-Bill-Collector's  
gotta get his share.*

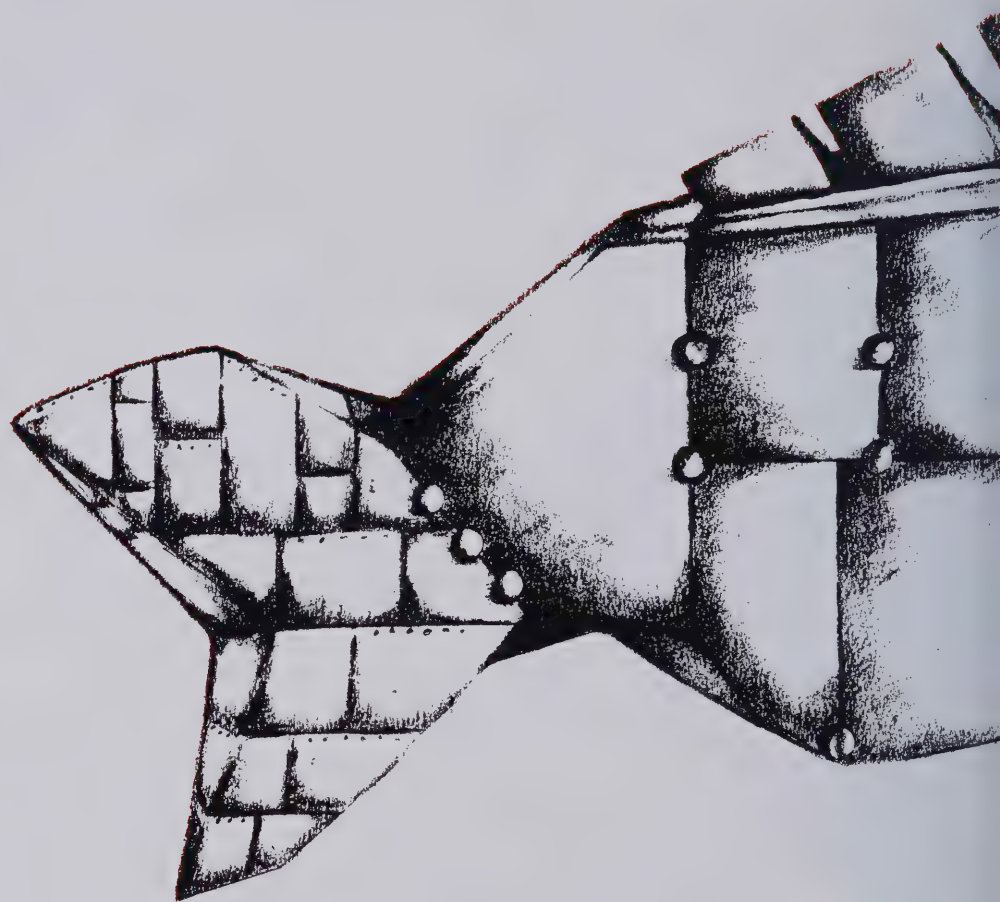
*And when you're done  
with the bills and all,  
the remaining few bucks  
are yours to have a ball.*

*And you know you've got  
to budget with care,  
'cause six dollars 'til pay day  
might not get you there.*

**J. Zedrick Jennings**

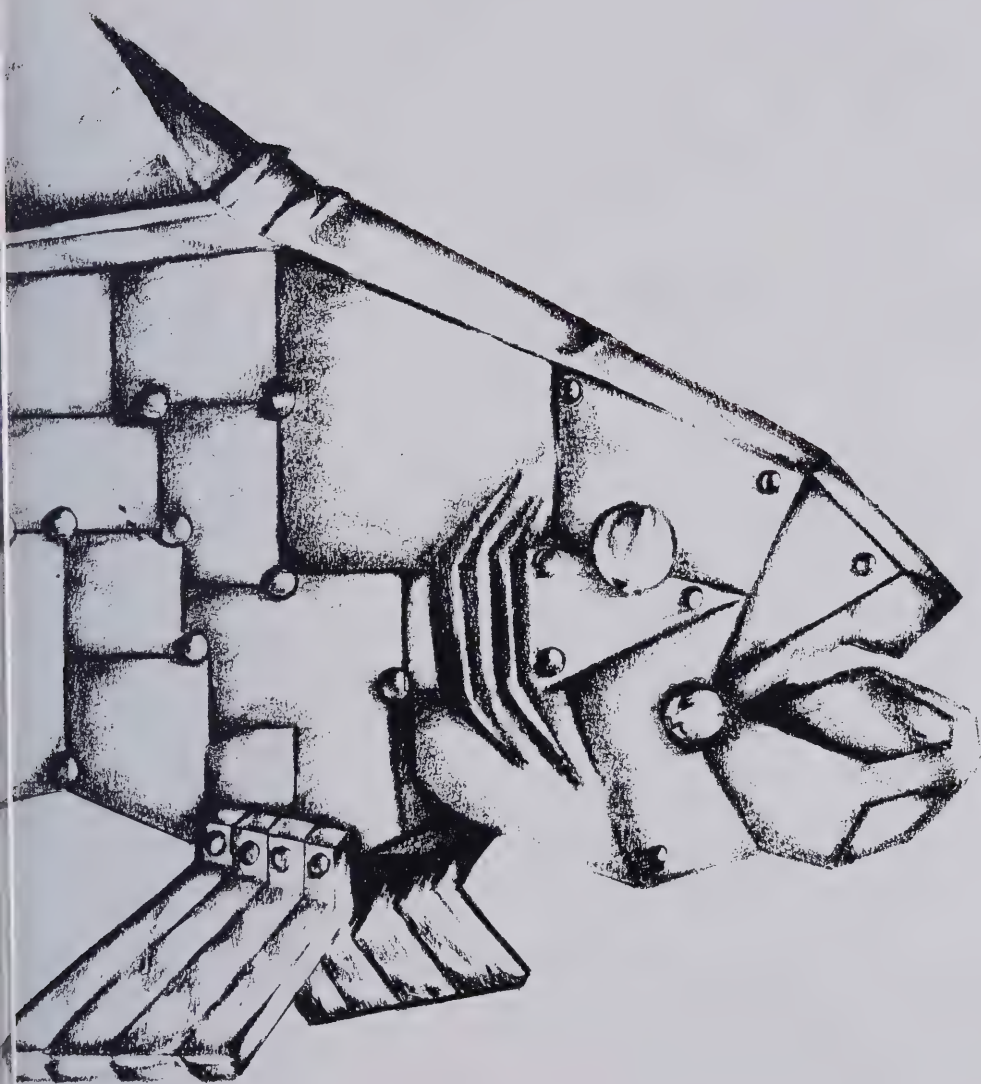






Troy Brailey





**Untitled**



## Ms. Notch

**T**he three most important things in any creature's life are air, water and food. Until these have been satisfied, nothing else matters.

I've got all the fresh air I want. Because I spend the majority of my life outdoors, I don't need to worry about breathing stale air. Contaminated air, such as tobacco smoke and recycled air that is found in some buildings, doesn't ever pollute my lungs.

Something to drink also poses no problem. There are numerous places I can get a drink in the area that I live.

Now, food . . . food can present an almost overwhelming problem. Because I am a female, with no mate, and youngsters to take care of, I must hustle each and every day to keep myself and my family together.

Have you ever been on the Central Piedmont Community College campus? Have you ever seen the Van Every Building? Are you aware that there is a snack bar located in the Van Every Building? This is where I receive the largest portion of my nourishment.

My visits are generally made between 7 to 8 a.m. and 3 to 5 p.m. Other than those time frames there are just too many people loitering in the snack bar for me to venture in.

I have a notch in my left ear as an example of a former problem. I don't want or need any other trouble. While I can be a feisty fighter I prefer to remain ladylike. I always say, "If you'll keep your hands off, I'll not bite."

Speaking of biting, have you ever tried one of those delicious ham sandwiches that The Snack Bar has? Or, how about a nice candy bar with nuts? Or, better yet, how about just plain nuts? From peanuts to pistachios, they're all wonderful tasting. I love all kinds of nuts.

You see, I am Ms. Notch. At least that's what the guys and gals that work in The Snack Bar call me. I am a *Sciurus Carolinensis*. Perhaps you know me best as a gray squirrel.

Please enjoy, along with me, my visits to your world. And if you are feeling good, throw a peanut my way.

Gary L. Eklund







## China Plates

*You laughed because I went back  
for the plates,  
you could not understand  
that my grandma gave me those,  
you did not see how they were necessary to my life.  
Now maybe you can see- -  
you go back to Emily for less significant things  
than china plates.*

Lisa Kerley



## Flutterbyes

*the summer breezes  
put blue in our skies*

*while I sneak a look  
through the brand new eyes*

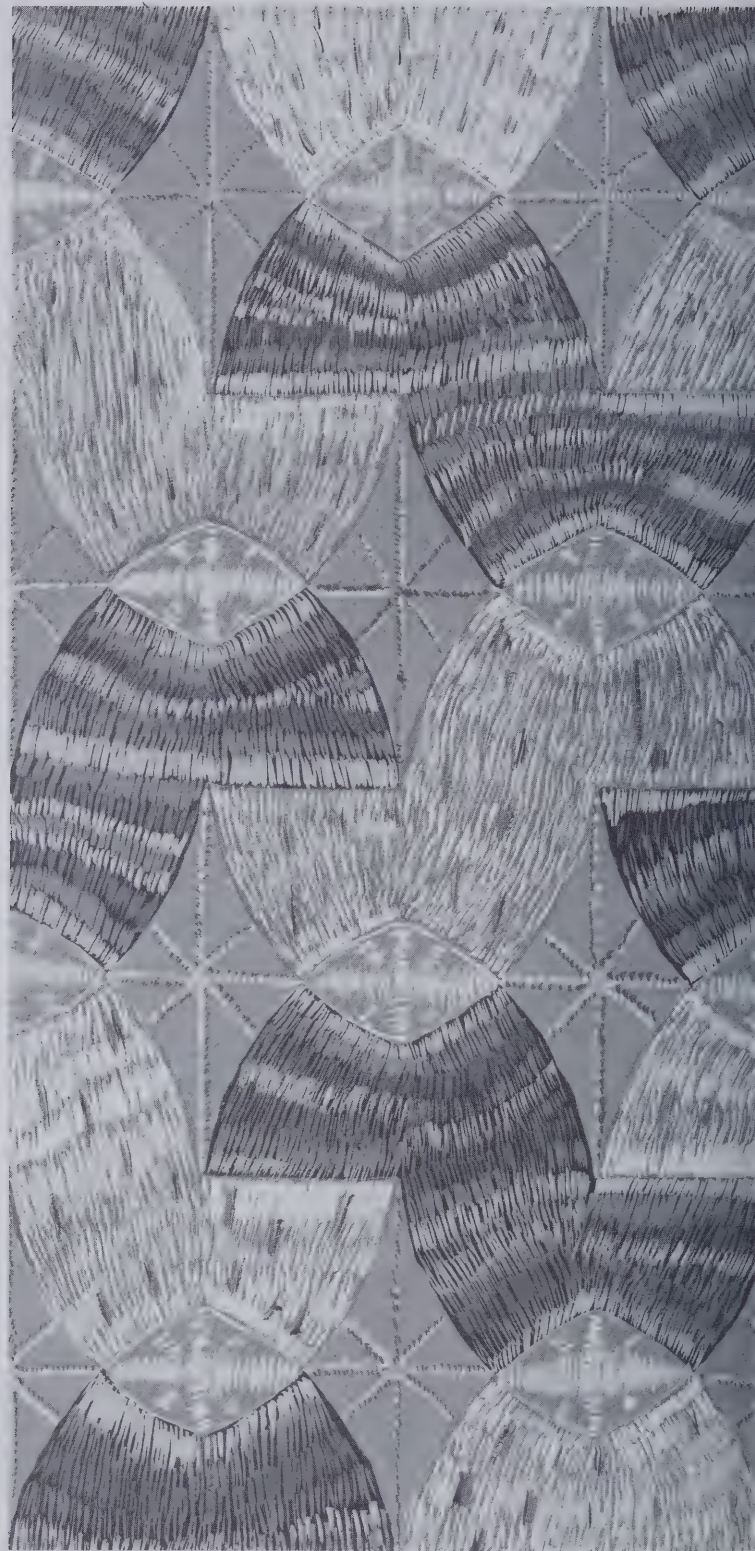
*of a gifted young child  
who screams glad cries*

*as for the very first time  
he amazingly spies*

*the whirling dance  
and color that flies*

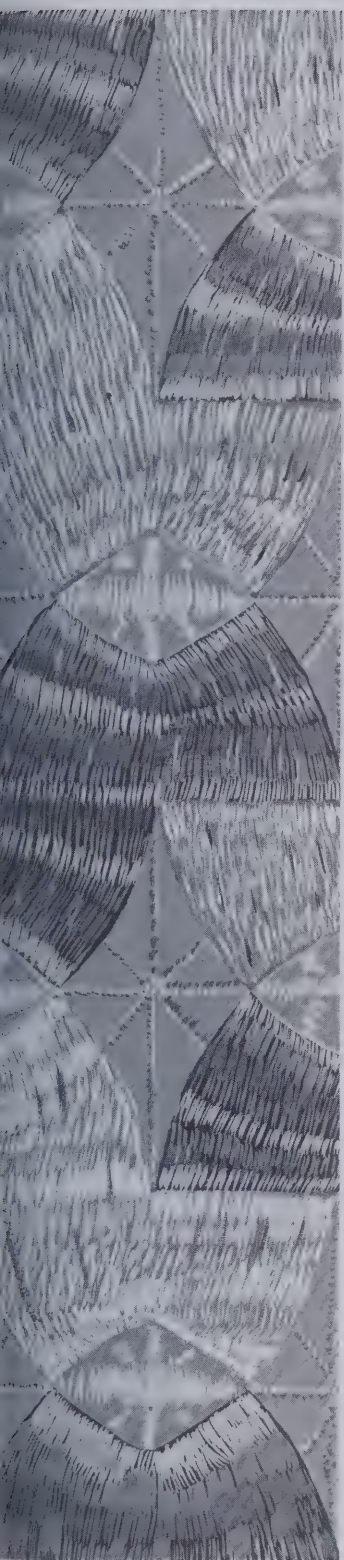
*accurately he yells  
"it's flutterbyes"*

Donald R. Holman



James Samarco, Jr.





## To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

*I am dreaming stories  
in the newborn morning  
before the radio coughs up  
its daily blues. Inside my head  
a circus of characters walks  
the high wires. Plots clot  
like blood, I hang  
in airy suspense.  
Behind fluttering lids  
my eyes roll like a madman's.*



**Barbara J. Mayer Second Place  
Winner, Poetry, 1990 KEYSTONE**

**Motion**



# Love Is the Only Road

*Somebody pulls a thread  
and I start to unwind  
a runaway skein pursued  
by a manic beast.  
My life plays in reverse  
a home movie starring  
Goofy with soundtrack  
by Looney Tunes.*

*Childhood games taunt me  
in a nursery turned nightmare  
I climb toward heaven's gate  
till the ladder becomes a beanstalk  
loaded with poison apples.  
One bite and I sink like a Wendy-bird  
slipping through Peter's fingers  
to a Never-Never Landing.*

*I break in a thousand and one pieces  
that all the King's shrinks  
are desperate to fit together.  
But somebody lost the directions  
no fairy godmother's in sight,  
the carriages turned to pumpkins  
hours ago, the yellow brick  
road's dead end.*

*I hang onto a slim hope  
that someday my prince will come  
and one day you'll find me,  
catching your lost sheep  
as I tumble over the cliff,  
wrapping me in your arms  
and carrying me home  
by the only road you know.*

**Barbara J. Mayer**

This poem appeared in CRUCIBLE.





## White

*I live in a white house*

*but that is not its color- -*

*that is its feel.*

*Not puritan white but death  
white.*

*You always loved to write  
about death- -*

*I always said  
"no, write about life"*

*but now I see that one must write  
about what one knows most about.*

*This house is white*

*and the rooms are empty  
and sterile,*

*having packed away all  
reminders of you,*

*but the feel of whiteness is still there.*

*The light you once let in now blinds me  
and reminds me of why I love the night.*

*Pink and yellow petals fall*

*on stained and beaten oak,*

*waiting to shrivel and dry.*

*White oversized dresses hang in the closet,  
unworn.*

*Tiny clothes are packed away in moth balls,  
perhaps strangers will question why  
they were saved,*

*long after I have gone  
and cannot explain.*

*Old letters, bearing a common and a foreign  
name,*

*will cause the curious to wonder why.*

*Keep writing about death- -  
it is what you know best.*

**Lisa Kerley**



## A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

My granddaddy Roman, was a humdinger! Grannie passed on when I wasn't much more than a basket babe, so my ma and pa give him an invite to come live with us. Daddy told Grandpa . . .

"It don't make good sense for you to live by your lonesome, now that Ma has gone to her reward. We could fix a dog trot alongside our place for your comfort and would be proud as a cat with two tails if you was to share table and help raise up our younguns."

Grandpappy was a youngish feller then, 'bout forty summers, but he'd had his lungs gassed some across the water in the "big war" and wasn't able to do no heavy work. If he overdone hisself and worked up a sweat, he was certain to have a coughing fit that drew blood. But his hands had magic fingers, don't you know, so that's how he got by. If you was to give him a bit of wood, he would hold it tight against his palm, getting the feel for the life of it. 'Fore you knowed it them magic fingers would make chisels and knives fly, like a spring lizard in a hen house. That wood would commence getting carved with hardly no fuss into little animals, fish, flowers and such. The school teaching lady was town folk from over Atlanta way. Once she set eyes on 'em, she vowed as how she could sell the purdy things for cash money. She took to coaxing Grandpappy 'til he got wore down and give in ....

"Roman, them little animals has the look of real and the flowers are so fine that I declare, I find myself sniffing 'round them, trying to catch their scent. Appears to me that city folk might take a liking to your work, if you was of a mind to give it a try."

Times was lean and mean back then. A man short on lung power didn't have a heap of ways to make folding money in the hills 'cept on his own. So by and by, after he give it a thorough think, he sent some of his critters on their way. It weren't no time at all 'fore he had him more orders then he could fill. It made old Roman feel useful and set us a right nice table, too. From time to time folks took the notion to come on by, set a spell and watch him work. Word got to being passed about, as folks are bound to do, and calls come in from far off places for him to come do extry, special jobs.

Grandpappy Roman was smallish and quick-moving. He had the look of a wood sprite about him and his white hair lifted with the breeze like milkweed silk. He let on that bombs being dropped all about in the Argonne Forest "over there" had not only blunted his hearing but drained the color clear out of his



head hair. He was patient to a fault, some said, and a good sight with younguns. Me and Billy loved him like nobody's business and tagged him like a shadow. Ma and Pa was the flour and eggs of our life, but Grandpappy, why I 'spect you would have to say, he was the frosting. The special sweet topping that gives life the worth-whiles.

One night we was just finishing up evening vittles and getting ready for a set down. Ma had stirred up a pot of fresh squirrel, collards and corn bread so we was more then content. Pa and Grandpappy lit up their pipes readying theirselves for a jaw 'bout this and that. Me and Billy was playing jack straws by the fire, not paying no never mind to grown-up talk, when we heard Grandpappy let on to Pa . . .

"Son, you don't 'spose you know any shirt-tails lads who would favor an old man by going down the mountain for a couple of days to see to some work?"

Quick as grasshoppers, we was on our feet . . .

"Let us go, Grandpappy. We ain't never been down the mountain, nor off the ridge to a big town!"

We was jumping up and down like we was needing a trip to the necessary house out back and all hett up over the idea of an adventure. Life does slow time on mountain ridges and don't nothing change much but the seasons. I was hankering for a look-see at a bigger patch of blue than the one above my head and right here was my chance. The way Grandpappy had it figured we was to be gone three days. One day for travel each way and one day to see to the job. He drew on his pipe some for a better think, then turned to Ma . . .

"Mandy, you best put together some bed rolls for us three and fill the wagon bed with a fresh shuck tick. Sleeping under twinkling stars might be a right nice change of pace and purdy, too. Boys will need a go-poke with some extry shirts case they dirty theirselves. Some vittles would be handy too, girl, since we don't know folks in that direction well enough to show up and sit table without an invite."

Ma had the worrisome look about her of an empty nester just thinking on us three being out of her sight for that long a spell . . .

"I swan, Roman. It ain't going to seem right 'round here with most of the men folk off. House will stay too quiet and tidy. Me and Virgil won't know how to take up the cabin space all by our lonesome. I best do up some chickens for you to carry along. Fried chicken always sets just right in an empty belly. Virgil, go wring a couple of hen necks and set the water bucket to boiling for

Ma always figured no matter what was going on, fried chicken was in order. Guess that's why we was always scarce of eggs and the rooster stayed ornery with only a few stringy pullets to see to.



Come Friday we was all set, pink with excitement and our eyes lit like them 'lectric lights we'd heard tell of. Ma had filled the wagon with more food than three bodies could rightly put away and Pa had Maggie the mule brushed to a luster. The morning air was clear and dew-washed, so soon as Ma had her "take care" say we was off. Maggie was stepping along like a young filly and me and Billy was having a conniption fit and near wet our drawers in all the excitement. Near as I can recollect it was spring, 'cause the laurel had busted itself wide open and the hills was full of scent and color. Grandpappy was in high humor hisself and jawing 'bout all we was going to see . . .

"Well boys, it looks like a mighty fine day for joy riding through God's country. Way I see it, a man ought to have the pleasure of good company and a blue sky on his way to a working place."

"What kind of work you reckon they have in mind for you to take on, Grandpappy? I asked.

Grandpappy didn't say nothing for a spell, then he smiled real toothy and his eyes lit with fun . . .

"The man who sent for me has a powerful need to have me do a quick fix-up to one of his horses."

That give me and Billy a good laugh 'cause we knew Grandpappy was a wood carver and didn't know nothing 'bout horse tending.

"You're wrong this time, young fellers. This here is a special horse. One of them Unicorn types, like in fairy tale books."

Books was about as scarce as store bread 'round our place and we had never heard tell of fairy tales or Unicorn horses so we was wide-eyed.

"Tell us what one of them horses look like, Grandpappy," we begged. "Where do they live and why ain't we never seen one?"

Grandpappy slapped his knee, laughed out loud, then had a fit of coughing he got so tickled. When he got his wind under control and could string words together proper, he let on that Unicorns was white stallions with gold and silver manes and tails, blue eyes and jeweled saddles. Right twixt their eyes was a curled horn growing up from their head and it was the horn he aimed to put a fix to. The poor feller had broke his clean off and he was to cut and carve him a new one. We asked all manner of questions 'bout them Unicorns and was hett up just thinking 'bout seeing one close up. Billy and me had never traveled none, nor gone such a far piece from the home place. But here we was going clear over the mountain toward Franklin, N.C., to where that special horse that was in a fix lived. It was almost more than a body could rightly set a handle to.

"Where do them Unicorn fellers live?" I wanted to know, and "what manner of food do they eat?"



“They live in a special round place, called a carrousel and most likely they don’t eat fried chicken or the like but gold coins,” chuckled Grandpappy. “Carrouseles are fine carved wood painted up special, like nothing you have ever set eyes on. They go round and round like a top, while all the time music plays and little lights glow like fireflies.”

We was passing farms, towns and folks and they was head-nodding and waving howdy as we went. The sun signaled noon before we knowed it, so we stopped under a cottonwood tree in the shade by a crick to give mule a rest, relieve ourselves, and fill our bellies. Grandpappy lit his pipe and had himself a set, so we boys waded into the water to cool down some. We splashed like boys is known to do, skipped stones, chased a big bull frog and traded words about the Unicorn horse we was to see. Pretty soon he give us a sign to load up and we was off again. All afternoon we studied clouds finding all matter of creatures trying to hide up there. Grandpappy jawed some ‘bout his war days and let us know he had high hope that such as us would never have a need to be gassed or bombed. Billy had been yappin’ and head-nodding, so finally he dropped off to rest his eyes for a spell. Me and Grandpappy sang some, played “guess what I see” and jawed more about the Unicorn. I don’t recall being bored no how; he was that much of interest to be with.

It was coming on dark when we seen the sign to Franklin. Mule hauled us up a big hill and when we got to the top I was near struck down by the sight below. There in a field by the general store was a big tent like the snake-handling preacher owned and a round fancy thing with blinking lights like a crown on its top. It was just like Grandpappy had let on and I was awestruck. The music coming from its sides brought to mind the wind chime Pa made from tin scraps and hung on the porch. We set there studying the fine sight of it, taking it all in, like the backwoods boys we was. Billy was rubbing his eyes like he wasn’t certain if he was awake or dreaming. Mule got to moving again and as we come closer, I saw gold and silver horses going round and round and up and down. There was little children setting on their backsides squealing like baby pigs playing in the mud.

“Grandpappy, is that there a carrousel?” I shouted. “Is that where the Unicorn lives?”

“Right as rain, boy. Ain’t it a purdy sight? Don’t suppose you and Billy might like to climb up top one of them horses and go round a bit? Here boys, take these gold coins to give the Unicorn his will to run.”

Me and Billy was beside ourselves, jumping and clapping our hands. Grandpappy pulled mule over to the side, tied her to a tent stake, climbed down, give his limbs a good stretch, then swung us to the ground. Taking us by the hand he walked right up to the thing, like he’d seen it before a time or two. It was slowing down some now so we was able to see it real good up close.

“Grandpappy, all them horses is wood,” whispered Billy. “Ain’t a one of them is real.”



A man come by and shook Grandpappy's hand . . . "You the gent come to fix the Unicorn horn that's broke?"

"One in the same," he answered, "name's Roman Peese and these boys are my grandsons, Grover and Billy. They ain't never seen a carrousel so I carried 'em with me. Thought to treat 'em to a ride or two 'fore I get down to work come morning."

The man led us to the horses and before we could think good we was on that carrousel ride going round for what seemed like hours. It didn't seem like we could ever get enough of such pleasure. Music come from somewhere and as we circled under the lights the horses rode up and down, like they was alive. Billy was grinning so wide he looked brain-addled and I was under a spell at the joy of such a thing. All about me the world was flashing by blurry and furry-edged, like when I had a high fever and I felt my innards turn over, too. We must have rode ten times that first night and when I seen the other younguns giving the man gold coins, I knew what Grandpappy had meant about Unicorn food. After a bit Grandpappy waved us down and had us come along to set up camp for the night. We built a fire and ate some of Ma's good cooking. We was wore down from the day's adventure but full to the brim with wonder. Stars was falling across the sky like they was teasing the moon to give chase and night birds was calling to each other. The Pines whispered secrets like young girls do and the fireflies was carrying their lanterns from place to place. Grandpappy said the stars was a meteor shower, so we wished our heart's desire on all we saw. It was a fitting end to a magic day.

We slept good in the wagon and come morning, Grandpappy commenced working on the Unicorn's horn. The carrousel man said . . .

"Some folks call my ride a merry-go-round."

Billy liked the sound of that, but I figured carrousel was more fitting for such a wondrous toy. After the Unicorn had his new horn in place we rode some more just for the pleasure of it. Night come on too soon, but our heads was near asleep before we laid our bodies down.

When sun up come, we turned the mule and headed toward home. They had paid Grandpappy real good, so he was sitting in tall cotton and making plans to send to the Roebuck for some fancy tools he hankered after. I kept looking back studying the carrousel 'til I couldn't see it no more. The farther away we rode the more it took on the feel of a dream, 'stead of real.

When we was to home I jawed so much 'bout the durn thing that Ma and Pa got worn down from the telling of the tale. But like always, Grandpappy understood. Come Christmas morning when me and Billy looked under the tree to see if we was good or bad, there was a tiny merry-go-round under the pine branches. It had miniature horses with red paint saddles and one white Unicorn with a silver mane and tail and a gold horn. Somehow Grandpappy had fitted it together so it went round and round, but there weren't no music to be



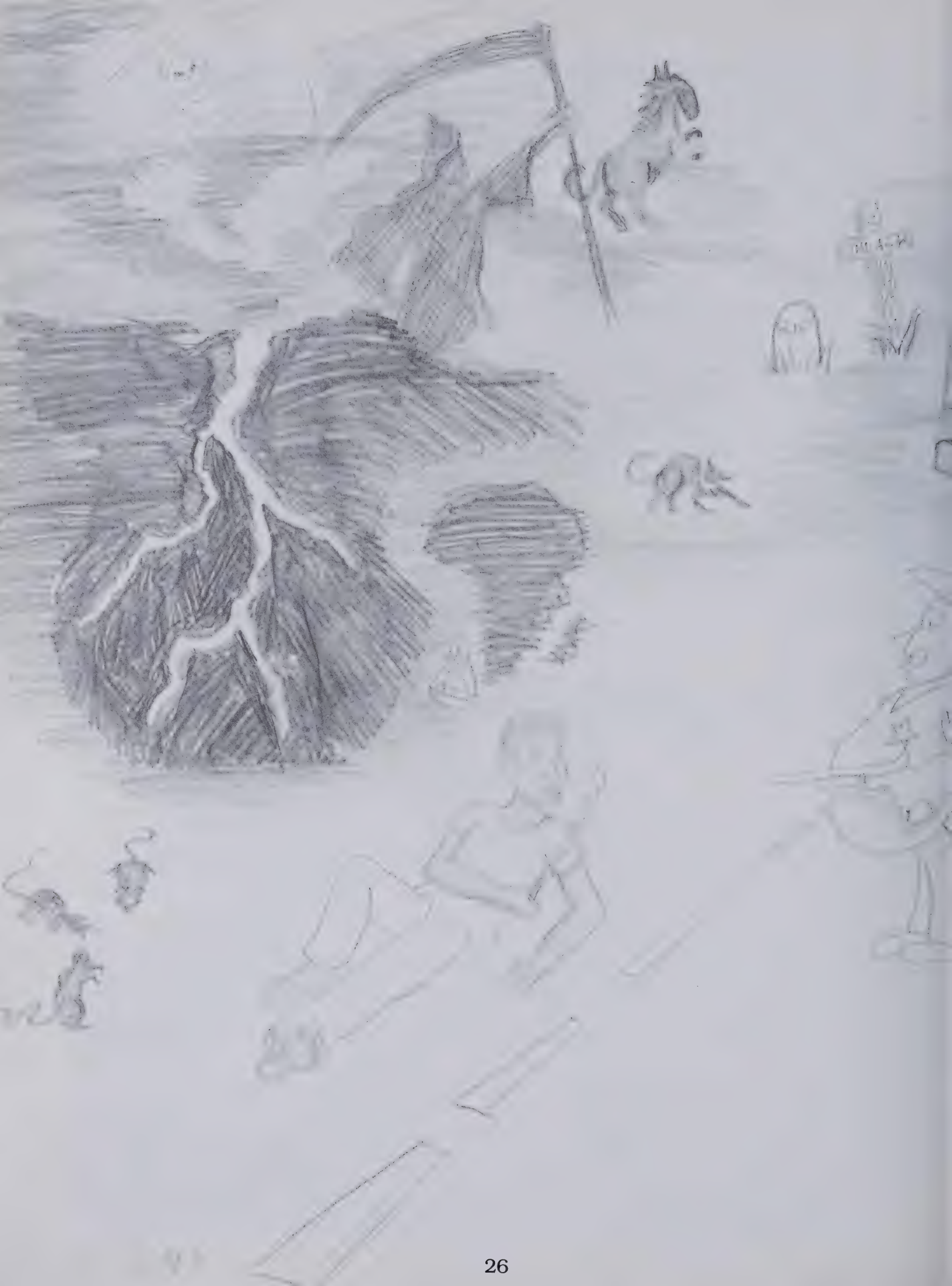
heard, 'cept the echo of the tinkling kind I had stored up top my head from that time on the carrousel.

When I got big and moved here and there to see the sights life had to offer, I must have rode a hundred carrousels from here to California and back. But I vow, swear and declare, there weren't never one that thrilled me half as much as the one my grandpappy showed me and Billy long ago . . . and that's a fact.

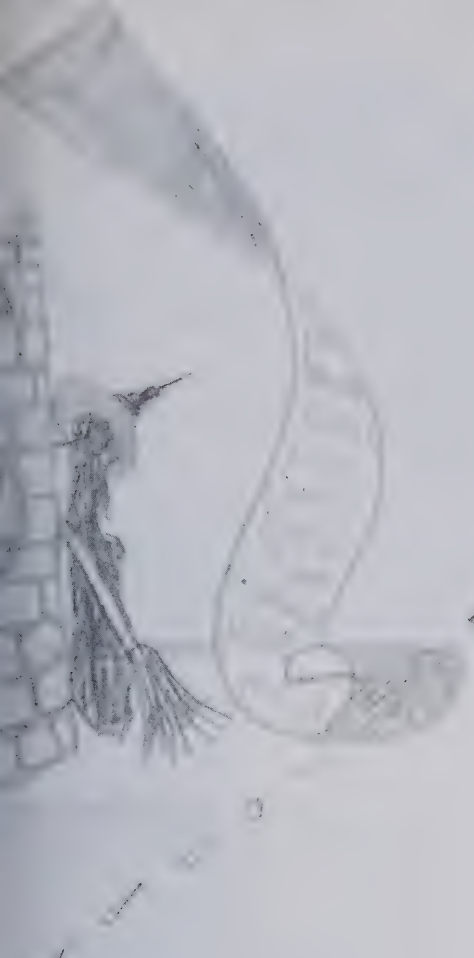


**Gail A. Price**  
**Second Place Winner, Short Stories, 1990 KEYSTONE**









## **HAD TO HAVE A NAME**

LIST  
CATS  
TERMINALS,  
CLOTHES YOU WEAR AT FUNERALS,  
PLAGUE  
SYPH  
DEVILSFOOD,  
WITCH'S CLOTHES IF YOU SO CHOOSE,  
MAGIC  
MARKET  
MAN AND LAD,  
ALL ARE BLACK AND ALL ARE BAD.

THEN THERE ARE DARKS,  
LIKE CONTINENTS  
AND HORSES  
AND CLOUDS IN FLIGHT,  
AND LIES ARE GOOD  
IF THEY'RE SMALL AND WHITE.

AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO'LL SAY  
WHAT A SILLY CLAIM  
'CAUSE ALL THESE THINGS  
HAD TO HAVE A NAME,  
BUT SOME DON'T SEEM TO  
THINK THIS WAY  
'CAUSE THEY LIVE AND BREATHE  
BLACK EVERY DAY.

**J. Zedrick Jennings**

Angelina C. Korinis  
**Life Demands It**



**Michael Lillard**  
**First Place Winner**

**Michael Gabriel**     **Untitled**



Angelina C. Korinis  
**Unsuspected Awareness**



**One Way**

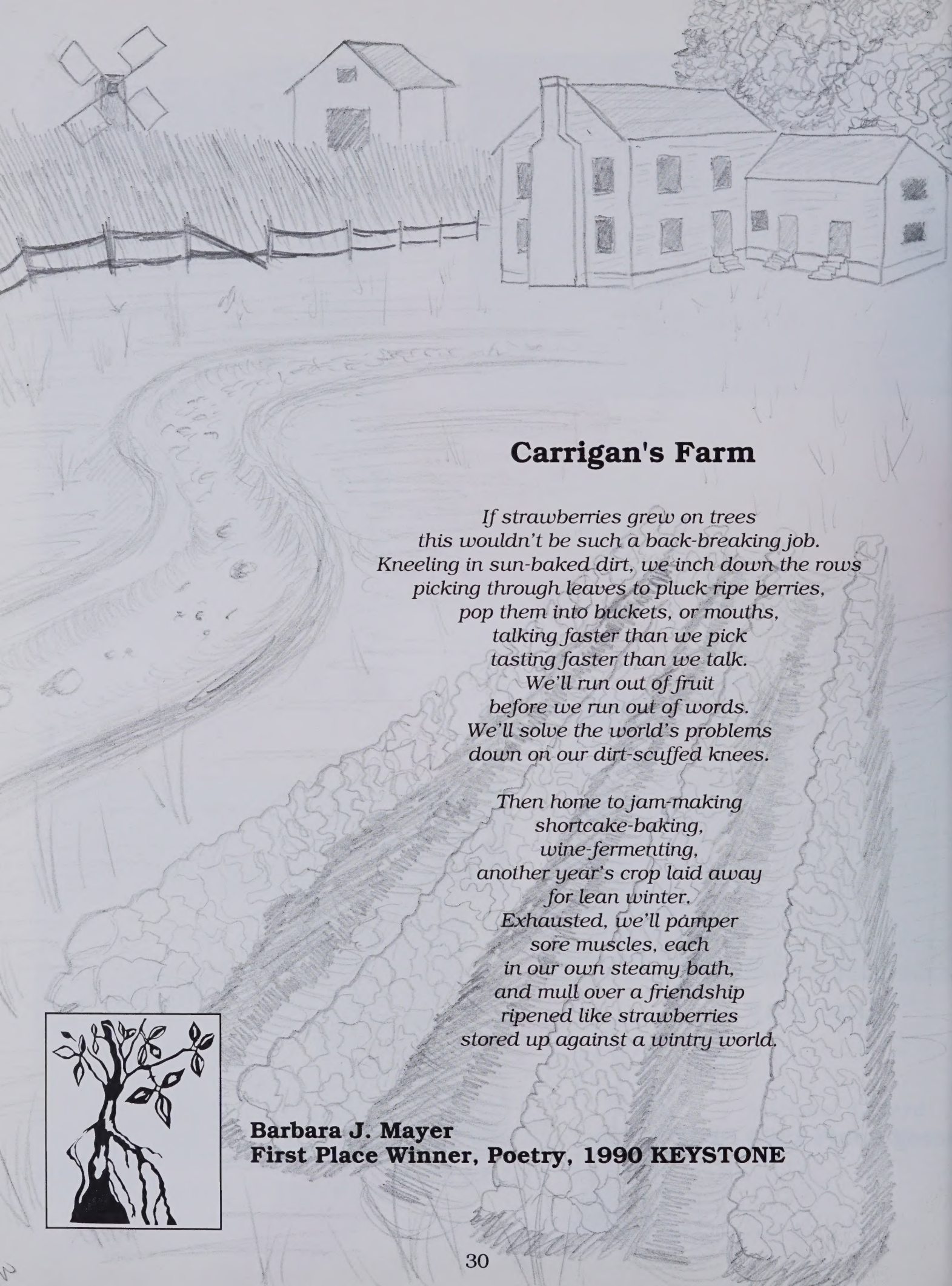
Photography, 1990 KEYSTONE



Lori Polite

**Untitled**





## Carrigan's Farm

If strawberries grew on trees  
this wouldn't be such a back-breaking job.  
Kneeling in sun-baked dirt, we inch down the rows  
picking through leaves to pluck ripe berries,  
pop them into buckets, or mouths,  
talking faster than we pick  
tasting faster than we talk.

We'll run out of fruit  
before we run out of words.  
We'll solve the world's problems  
down on our dirt-scuffed knees.

Then home to jam-making  
shortcake-baking,  
wine-fermenting,  
another year's crop laid away  
for lean winter.

Exhausted, we'll pamper  
sore muscles, each  
in our own steamy bath,  
and mull over a friendship  
ripened like strawberries  
stored up against a wintry world.



**Barbara J. Mayer**  
**First Place Winner, Poetry, 1990 KEYSTONE**





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## JUDGES

### POETRY

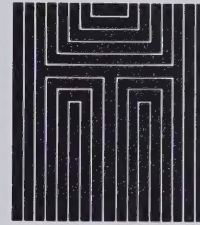
Judy Goldman's collection of poetry, *HOLDING BACK WINTER*, is in its third printing. She has published more than 100 poems in literary journals, such as *THE SOUTHERN REVIEW*, *SHENANDOAH*, *YANKEE*, *BLACK WARRIOR REVIEW*, *GETTYSBURG REVIEW*, and others. She teaches poetry workshops in her home.

### FICTION AND NON-FICTION

Harriet Doar is a Charlotte native who has published one book of poems, *THE RESTLESS WATER* (St. Andrews Press). She is retired from newspaper work with *THE CHARLOTTE NEWS*, *RALEIGH NEWS & OBSERVER*, and *THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER*, where she edited the book page and was on the editorial staff.

### ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Christie Taylor is a partner of Hodges Taylor Gallery which represents selected professional artists of the southeast. In addition to her gallery responsibilities, Ms. Taylor curated *NINE FROM NORTH CAROLINA: AN EXHIBITION OF WOMEN ARTISTS* which opened at The National Museum of Women in the Arts, Washington, D.C. in April, 1989, and traveled in North Carolina through June, 1990.



HODGES TAYLOR GALLERY

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